

DISCORDER

A guide to CTR fm 102

CABLE 100



DISCORDER

THE CRAMPS



Dave Jacklin

Expectations were high and The Cramps didn't disappoint.

The set was a little short, but maybe that's because most people can never get enough of a Cramps live show. Buzz buzz buzz went the human fly, dressed like an electrically shocked Voodoo Reverend. How can you possibly not love a weirdo who diets on microphones, crushed bananas and audience members (answers on a postcard please, the winner gets the CTR handbook 'What to Think About in the Split Second It Takes Lux Interior to Leap from Stage to Your Body Ten Feet Away in the Audience'). Ivy in a cut-off bin-liner --the original Garbage-woman.

With Ivy's smell of female and Lux's, ahem, (ab)use of the microphone, has the emphasis moved away from voodoo towards sex? "No. There's no difference between voodoo or sex," declares the Reverend. "Any rockabilly band with any hair on their toes would have a little voodoo in there, a little sex in there --or a lot of those ingredients." So now we know.

Nevertheless, despite their hassles and inactivity of the past three years, The Cramps haven't escaped the dilemmas of success-paranoia. With a watchful eye on their image,

especially, perhaps, in the light of Batcave, it appears that they are trying to break out of any bracketing that people may have put them in. "No," Lux denies, "we don't care what people say as long as they keep talking."

I ask about their disbanding the Legion of the Cramped, their biggest fan club, based in Scotland. It's obviously a sensitive area, their answers not being very clear: "It really wasn't even representing The Cramps...it was wrong to keep people excited about something that should be left alone at the moment."

They cite the bitterness of their legal battles with the record company as the main antagonist in the plot, and, unasked, go on to justify their voodoo image. Their voodoo is more spiritual than 'magic' or a 'shitty thing'. "...If audiences do what they did tonight, they picked me up in the air, they're a part of the whole thing--that is voodoo," says Lux earnestly. "I think some people might miss the sex (thing) because of their own asexuality, it might make it hard for them to know what something is when it's happening," adds the Garbage-woman.

It's getting heavy. Too heavy. Ivy lightens the mood. "I like being in the studio as much as on stage...studio's

my favorite kick." Does Nick Knox enjoy playing live, I ask the intriguingly stoic drummer, a sort of human drum machine. "Huh? What?" He's a man of few words. "He's my best friend," declares Lux. "He's a cool breeze," says Ivy as Nick Knox, still wearing his sunglasses after dark, cooly breezes by to get a cigarette.

Vinyl? They are at pains to assure the world that they will deliver the goods. "You just have to trust us," says Ivy. "We don't know where or when, but it'll be soon and they'll be good."

On behalf of a few restless natives centered around a downtown clothes shop I enquire as to the exact wording of the opening line to the *Natives Are Restless*. "There's an uprising down on Watusi Street," supplies Ivy. "Is that what I said on the record though?" enquires a mystified Reverend Interior. "I have a problem with my memory," he pouts quietly like a guilty schoolboy.

"No, he gets inspired," defends Ivy.

"Yeah, I get inspired."

"It's like speaking in tongues," adds Kiki, standing in for Ike Knox for six dates.

In the corner, Ivy chorales:

"It's voodoo."

--Sukhvinder Johal

Bolero

Bolero Lava is a local five piece (coincidentally all very attractive female) band that is rapidly establishing itself as one of Vancouver's best alternative groups. They've been together as the current line-up since last summer. They backed up the Cramps, and they'll soon be going into Little Mountain Studios to use the 24 hours of recording time they won at the CTR/Pit Pub Hot Air Show. Here are some excerpts from an interview. Disorder did with the whole band a few weeks ago, where we talked about everything from musical tastes to the big record industry to how the band functions as a whole.

If you had to describe your sound to someone who's never heard you, what would you say?

Laurel: "Psychedelic jungle music" was the best little phrase we coined, but that doesn't really cover it.

Barb: It's an optimistic music with lots of rhythm.

Phaedra: It's very percussive. We're also influenced by King Sunny Ade.

Vanessa: Just basic strong rhythms and a soulful feeling. Something straight from the heart, not too affected.

Phaedra: Vanessa writes some interesting lyrics. Some of it's kind of political and some is personal. I don't think there are any "love" songs, or anything like that.

Laurel: It's more concerning things that happen around us.

Lorraine: When I write a song, I write a love song.

Vanessa: I've been waiting for a love song.

What do you feel is the impact on a live audience of seeing a band composed of five Amazons straight out of a fashion magazine?

Vanessa: It attracts attention, and we do get it; but you have to maintain it after that.

Laurel: I look at it as a handicap in a lot of ways because I think we would rather be respected as a bunch of good musicians than a band of Amazon women. I'd like not to be associated with that sort of thing.

Have you had accusations of using your appearance as a gimmick?

Barb: We've had a few suggestions of that sort, but as a whole, no, not really.

Lorraine: You can't rely on gimmick.

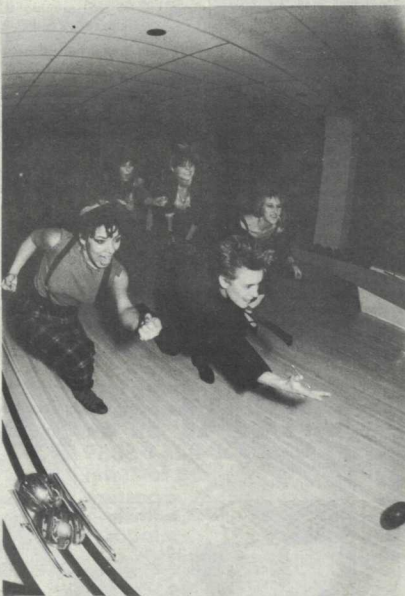
Where did you get your name?

Barb: Vanessa and I came up with it one day sitting around. It's actually a collection of all our names.

Laurel: I'm the "la".

Vanessa: We were going over all these names, and we said, "Let's put all our names together," and we laughed; but then we did it, and it sounded like "Bolero Lava", so we kept it. Plus with "bolero" you have your classical romantic piece by Ravel, you have your dance, and you have the bolero jacket, so you have romance, music and clothes. What more could you want out of life?

--Gord Badanic



Dave Jacklin

Building on what they think we don't have Please take my garbage out, Mr. Glad When you can see in the dark You can always reach your mark When you can see through the art When you can see through the art You will always find a pumping heart All encompassing eyes that sieve We hear your heavy sighs But we're going to live.

--"Inevitable"

CITR-DisORDER

fm102 Cable 100 May 1984 VOL 2 NO 4

Editors	Layout	Contributors
Chris Dafeo Fiona MacKay	Chris Dafeo Fiona MacKay Jim Main Dave Ball Harry Hertscheg Krista Hann	George Barrett Bill Main Bill Mullin Dean Peikay Dale Sawyer Larry Thiesen Jeff Kearney Gord Badanie Sukhvinder Johal Michael Shea Mark Mushet Rob Whitmore
Advertising	Photography	
Dave Ball	Jim Main Dave Jacklin David Jones	
Distribution		
Harry Hertscheg		

DISORDER is a monthly paper published by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. DISORDER provides a guide to CITR Radio, which broadcasts throughout the Vancouver area at FM 101.9.

CITR transmits its 49 watt signal from Gage Towers on the UBC Campus. For best reception be sure and have an antenna attached to your receiver. For those of you with persistent reception problems, CITR is also available on FM cable at 100.1 in Vancouver, West Vancouver, North Vancouver, Burnaby, Richmond, Coquitlam, Port Coquitlam, Maple Ridge and Mission.

DISORDER is distributed throughout the Vancouver area. Enquiries about advertising in DISORDER or distributing free copies of DISORDER at a new location can be made by calling 228-3017. General CITR business enquiries or information about renting the CITR Mobile Sound System is also available at 228-3017. The request line is 228-2487 or 228-CITR.

DISORDER is distributed at the following business locations:

POINT GREY
Duthie Books
Frank's Records
University Pharmacy
Video Stop
The Video Store

KITSILANO
Bill Lewis Music
Black Swan Records
Broadway Video & Sound
Check-In-Out Clothing
Deluxe Junk
Hollywood Theatre
Lifestream Natural Food Store
Nepton Records
Octopus Books
Ridge Theatre
Scorpio Records
Soft Rock Cafe
Videomatica
X-Setters Clothing
Yesterdays
Zulu Records

WEST END
The Bay Theatre
Benjamin's Funky Cafe
Benjamin's II
Breeze Record Rentals
Camfari
Denman Grocery
Downtown Disc Distributors
English Bay Books
Little Sister's
Manhattan Books
Melissa's Records

GASTOWN
Be-Bop Beatwear
Cabbages & Kinx
Deluxe Junk
Golden Era Clothing
He-Runs Recycled Apparel
Sissy Boy Clothing
Video Inn

DISORDER is also distributed throughout the UBC campus and some of the other Lower Mainland campuses, as well as various community centres and Vancouver Public Libraries.

Artists you can have your art on the cover of DISORDER ... submit any works that you feel are suitable to our editor. Preferable dimensions are 10-14 inches high by 8-9 inches wide.

COVER BY JOHN GILES

GRAFIKS.

(604) 254-5039
ask for John.

- posters
- cards
- logos



Airhead

c/o CITR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

response to the Airhead's response:

Airhead is quite a suitable term for your wonderful employee (volunteer) in reference to his response to Greg Rum's letter of March 1984. The brand of "Black and Decker" used by most of the bands mentioned (Legendary Pink Dots, Portion Control and Nocturnal Emissions) happens to be a tuned guitar, and the "kitchen appliances" must be in reference to the bass synthesizer. These instruments have been used in a new way (something CITR is not into), but then how long does it take an Airhead to get bored of those Iggy, Delta 5, DOA, Gun Club-style ridiculously repetitive chord patterns and sounds? I guess we can look forward to seeing the bands mentioned by Greg Rum on your playlist in a few years' time, when your incredibly cynical group decides something else is cool. Signed,

"I'd Rather Not Listen to CITR"

Ridiculously repetitive? I guess it takes one to know one. But seriously, I have nothing against these bands. What I object to is the kind of "holier than thou" attitude that holds that anything "new" (and I have my doubts) is the best of all possible musical worlds. And since there's undoubtedly something even "newer" and cooler on the horizon, novelty for novelty's sake seems to be an awfully superficial reason to get worked up about something.

Airhead,

I am totally disappointed by Greg Rum, who appears in The Airhead in your March issue. Perhaps the CITR "Top 50" is really strongly representing "guitar-oriented" artists, but, as far as I'm concerned, music is, as Jah Wobble says in the 20th November issue of New Musical Express, "the same wherever; it's just notes, and there's only a certain number of notes we can hear, and that's it."

In an absolutely open-minded audience, there shouldn't be "today's music" or "yesterday's music." Because music functions as a bridge to communicate, the intentions and messages it carries are what we have to concentrate on. The location of music is rather unimportant. Maybe the irrational pursuit of "top 50" is just a method of showing a higher degree of intelligence. (It's only an assumption.)

Besides, I'm quite sure that CITR can make up a list of groups that no one has ever seen before. You've Pink Dots, Nocturnal Emissions... I've Christian Death, Last Man in European Corporation, and so on. Any "Top 50" list reflects the opinion of a certain group of people; we can use it as a reference, but not as an absolute truth. If you don't like it, you can make up your own "Top 50."

Personally, I think CITR has done a good job in the past.

This letter is highly emotional and subjective. If anyone has any suggestions or advice, I am most glad to listen and adjust myself.

Your Friend

Dear Disorder,

Why the hell do you have CFOX ads in a CITR publication??? I listen to CITR and read Disorder to get away from CFOX, The Romantics, Accept, Saxon and all that SHIT. Why must you force me to stare at advertisements for CFUX (sic) presentations of The Scorpions and Golden Earring while reading about True West and T-Bone? Well, your answer probably is, "... or ... um ... well, we need the money." **BULLSHIT.** There's a point where you draw the line, and if that was your real stand, you wouldn't be playing The Violent Femmes and DOA on a non-commercial station. Aren't you defeating your own purpose by printing the filth you profess to be opposed to? I think it's called **SELL OUT!** I've heard your DJs talk about "sell out," many times. What are we to expect next? Radio commercials on CITR advertising AC/DC presented by CFOX, or perhaps you'll start presenting such concerts yourselves? Oh, yeah, I remember, you need the money ...

Worried that his only radio station is selling out, Lee Chow

No, not BULLSHIT, Lee. Idealism is fine in an ideal world, but someone has got to pay all those odious bills. If you call that "sell out," so be it. We simply don't have the financial resources to refuse advertising on the grounds that it's "honestest" is suspect. And, let's face it, we're not advertising the Leg Hold Trap or anything like that. It's just The Fossil ... nothing to be afraid of.

Dear Airhead,

I would like to respond in CITR's defense—since you did tick—all—against that bitchy letter signed Sally Saliva: where did she get all that bullshit? CITR clearly does give a shit about requests. Only twice out of 20-plus requests have I ever been let down, and even then the DJs have humbly apologized—it's true! This girl is obviously emotionally unstable, incredibly jaded, and verging on psychotic. Why didn't you stick up for yourself? You've been getting a lot of shit lately, and you just sit there and take it. Surely you have a bit more guts and wit than that! Where's the cutting wit that was so evident in the letter to that guy—Tony Beavis—who insulted you in January?

ANYWAY, I just wanted to advise Sally Saliva to seek professional help.

Also, I would like to say that a guy with a name like Joey Meatrack must be one of the coolest people at UBC, and I'd like to second the motion that Mark Mushet be promoted to program director, even if he is a tad snobby and likes to drop names.

Sincerely,
Lisette Bolduc

Dear CITR DJs,
Where in Sam Hill did U2 come from? It was I who put them in CITR's Top 50 bands for March through persistent phoning and requests for their songs to be played. Jason Grant's amazement at U2 being in the Top 50 brings to light a problem at CITR. Why is it that as soon as an artist gains any amount of commercial success, CITR stops playing them?

I understand that CITR is an alternative music station, but how do you define alternative music? Some say that alternative music is music that commercial radio doesn't play, and if I want to hear U2 than I should go listen to CFOX. It's not that I want to hear U2 (I have all their albums), it's just that I consider alternative music not only as music that commercial radio won't play, but as quality music.

If an artist puts out quality music, CITR shouldn't drop them just because they taste commercial success. I can understand if you no longer play bands like Tears for Fears, et al, who produce music without any substance, geared for commercial success. But why stop playing a band like U2, who produce meaningful music I want other CITR listeners to hear, just because CFOX plays them? After all, you still play a lot of David Bowie's music, and he's higher up in the Top 50 than U2. Are we soon to mourn the passing away of The Cure, The Tea, Simple Minds and The Alarm? I suppose if commercial radio across the country started playing the Sam Hill out of "Love Will Tear Us Apart," CITR would stop playing Joy Division.

Bono's White Flag

How do we define "alternative" music? That is the \$64,000 question for this month. You seem to want to define "alternative" as "quality" music. That strikes me as somewhat subjective, a common problem with terms like "hard wave" and "alternative." So ... I want everybody to write in with a definition of "alternative," and we'll print 'em next month. [Please don't do this unless Airhead promises to type his own column himself. —Ed.] Let's start a war of words.

ODE ...

TO RADIO STATION CITR

when i go out of town the only thing i miss is you
when i come back home the only thing i do is listen to you;
when i'm not working 12 hours a day & looking after my 7 grandchildren,
you young whippersnappers sure know how to make an old geezer feel good.
i worship the airwaves you broadcast over.

Signed,
a secret admirer

Aw, I bet you say that to all the radio stations.

Yellowman



Jim Main

The Three O'Clock on: Baroque Hoedown vs. Sixteen Tambourines: It's the same idea taken with a little more time. It's the band progressing in that direction. We always wanted that sound back when we were The Salvation Army, but we just couldn't achieve it. When *Baroque Hoedown* was recorded, we had been together as a band for only three months, so we didn't know each other very well. On *Sixteen Tambourines* we took each song separately like a 45, whereas on *Baroque Hoedown* we got one specific sound for all the instruments and went for it.

Wimpyness: Actually, in L.A. it's very fashionable to sound like that (side two, *Sixteen Tambourines*). It's all that sunshine... It's just that everyone's really into pop, much more conscious of melodies than the beat or political messages.

Being criticized: We don't take it to heart. If someone calls me wimpy or the band wimpy, as long as it's wimpy in a good sense... It really comes down to how that criticism is written. If somebody calls us the worst band in the world but they write it intelligently, then we think that's great. Someone once reviewed us and said they didn't like us 'cause we had too many George Martinisms. That's really superficial; they aren't getting into the songs and seeing what songs are there and whether they are good songs. We were criticized for having a slicker production than the last record, and it just seems ridiculous. How can you criticize someone for trying

On April 2nd a new dimension in reggae appeared in Vancouver. Yellowman (real name Winston Foster), a Jamaican albino, is one of the hottest DJ rappers to emerge out of Jamaica since the '70s. In 1974 he started to DJ sound systems "mobile-style", and in 1981 he won Tasty's Talent Hunt Contest for deejaying. That was his first big public appearance; to the audience, it was a wel-



ling to get a good sound? On songs: Oh, they vary. "Jet Fighter" is just kind of an American-type song. You know, Ronald Reagan. "Jet Fighter" basically came about because we were trying to balance out the album with an uptempo number. It was the last song we wrote before going into the studio. We got it on the first take. "Stupid Einstein" is about... LOVE.

On developing their sound: Unlike the Go-Go's, we haven't been under that much pressure, pressure that might come from having a super hit album. So we can work on improving and changing our sound and making sure all our songs are strong. We're progressing at our own pace. We're not being forced in any way.

On their name: It came about because of the law suit over the use of "Salvation Army"; we had three days to pick a new name. One day Michael came in with "The Three O'Clock". And I can't say really for sure where it comes from. Except perhaps famous American literature.

On Marty Van Buren, 8th President of the U.S.A.: Well,

come debut. King Yellow's back-up group is now the seven-member Sagittarius Band, who are on contract to tour with him at all times. Their first big appearance was with the 1982 Reggae Sun Splash Music Festival. I talked to Yellowman after his Commodore shows.

Are you a singer or a DJ? Both of them, because, you see, I have different sections of the audience listening to me. You have white folks and black folks, so me do some singing, soul music and some calypso and country music, too. See, lots of people listen to me, so I don't base on one thing.

The Aces International



we liked the way he dressed and looked. One show we did gave us the opportunity to have t-shirts made, and we put him on them. He's been around ever since.

On the future: Recording in June and more touring. We hope to go to Europe with The Last from L.A., but only if we can do it right. Our next album may or may not be for Frontier and it may or may not be produced by Earle Mankey. We've got all sorts of big decisions to make when we get home.

Their records are: *Baroque Hoedown* (extra tracks on the French issue), *Sixteen Tambourines*. Songs on samplers *The Rebel Kind* and *The Radio Tokyo Tapes*. Catch their

Sound System -- is this where you started out as DJ?

Yes, that's where my fame comes from. I go around the island with my Aces, the 14 parishes of Jamaica -- that's how my popularity comes, along with the records.

Do you still DJ sound systems in Jamaica?

Yes, of course I still do, because I love the ghetto people, so I have to do it only in Jamaica. Not in foreign countries.

What is your popularity in Jamaica right now?

Four corners of Jamaica is yellow. Four corners of Jamaica paint yellow -- so, you see, my popularity in Jamaica is big 'til it burst out and come to the foreign countries and all over the world it spread. Jamaica is the root of reggae.

Do you give the same type of performance at all your concerts?

Well, mostly. Take for instance New York -- I do it same way because my ability is to please the crowd. So I mostly do every show same as I do in all part of the world.

In some of your recording you include Fat Head. Who is Fat Head?



Jim Main

soon-to-be-released fab video of "Jet Fighter" at a theatre near you. Remember The Three O'Clock: a nice, down-to-earth group of people who are raucous live and record some of the day's best pop songs.

--No. 1

Fat Head used to DJ with me, but we broke up because I'm with CBS Record Company, so I can't do any more records with him. So now I'm on my own. I used to have Sister Nancy as my DJ partner too.

You sing the song, "I'm Getting Married in the Morning". Is King Yellowman getting married?

No, I don't think so, because I would have to stop running up and down. I have to tour all over, and now I'm with CBS Record Co. I have to tour plenty. I might have to tour the four corners of the world, so I won't have any time with my wife if I marry. Best thing me just cool.

King Yellowman is not the only DJ rapper in the reggae business. Active today are U-Roy (the man who inspired Yellowman), I-Roy, Eek-A-Mouse, Michigan and Smiley, Leevan Cliff, Sassafrass, Trinity, Brigadier Jerry, Toyah, Weldon Irie, Errol Scorchier, Prince Jazbo, Nigger Kojak, and Josey Wales, who has a new LP with Yellowman; these are just a few. As for Yellowman himself, he has 27 LPs and a large number of 45s. The greater part of his recorded material is on the English Greensleeves label. His first LP on CBS Records, called Strong Me Strong, will be out before June, and June should also see King Yellow performing live in Vancouver again. In the meantime, keep a smile on your face and rock to the drum and bass.

--George Barrett

The Three O'Clock

phone 738-0288

Collectables

Books Records Games

2297 West Broadway Vancouver B.C. V6K 2E4

CABBAGES & KINX

FUNKY, USED CLOTHING

306 W. CORDOVA

669-4238

ADVERTISE IN DISCORDER

call Harry at **CITR**

228-3017

Book Now for our
Annual May Anniversary Sale
Half Price
Professional Studio Time
(Rates start at \$23/hr)

BULLFROG
RECORDING STUDIOS

2475 Dunbar St.
734-4617

Jopanga Cafe

ORIGINAL CALIFORNIA STYLE MEXICAN FOODS

NEW HOURS

FRI & SAT OPEN 'TIL MIDNIGHT

MON - THURS 11:30AM - 10PM

FRI & SAT 11:30AM - 12PM / SUN 5-9

733-3713 2904 W. 4th AVE

Vinyl

Verdict

THE SMITHS

The Smiths
(Sire)

After having listened to this LP, I feel qualified to proffer one piece of advice — don't bend over in a room full of Smiths. These young fellers are bent and seem intent on taking you, the innocent and hapless listener, with them, on their twisted little ride. Stop! Think! Don't let them! Normally a bent character may be a sign of recommendation, but, in the Smiths case, a little revision is required.

The Smiths may be silly (we'll get to that) but not stupid. They dress up their trite tunes with catchy instrumentation, jangly guitars and a swaying beat. Morrissey (no first name — very cute), the vocalist, warbles along like Julie Andrews with a sock in her mouth and almost snags you into singing along to some of the most hilariously stupid lyrics this side of the new Venom album.

It's insidious and almost subversive. In fact, the lyrics are the real treat of this album. A few random selections from the lyric sheet should have you quickly concluding that these Smiths are strictly for the smelly pee-pee set. Take, for example, the first single, "Hand in Glove". Hand in glove, the sun shines out of our behinds, no, it's not like any other love. (Boy, I'll say!) Or, I recognize that mystical air, it means: I'd like

to seize your underwear. (Fruit of the Loom, no doubt.)

By the way, that song, "Miserable Lie" (and there's a lot of off) delivered in the most irritating falsetto ever committed to vinyl — enough to make you envy the deaf. Or try this one: *Under the iron bridge we kissed, and although I ended up with sore lips, it just wasn't like the old days anymore.* (Thank God for penicillin.)

The whole album is just rife with this sort of drive. Big alternative-hit single "This Charming Man" tells the happy tale of our young hero/heroine waylaid by the roadside with a flat bicycle tire until a nice gent "rescues" him, resulting in further waylaid of a dubious nature.

Main Smitty mouthpiece Morrissey seems to have had a tough time growing up. It would be nice in future releases if he kept his homo-ecentricities to himself. Check out the overtly queer cover, apparently a still from some pathetic Warhol celluloid sphincter-stretcher.

This is not a record that dignifies homosexuality (unlike the noble Tom Robinson who said, "Yeah, I'm queer — so what?"). This is a record that makes being gay dirty and shameful (despite "What Difference Does It Make", the only Smiths song that really delivers). The Smiths are bigger women-haters than any heavy metal beat-the-cheat-in-bitch-up band will ever be. To make matters worse, this record is the usual con job: three good singles fleshed out

with eight tracks of dirgelike, tepid, languid mush that seems all too common in pop music at the moment. Fuck the Smiths (they'd like that), listen to real pop-rock, i.e. Plimsouls, Shoes — something with panache and dignity.

—John Smith

JASON AND THE SCORCHERS

Fervor
(Capitol/E.M.I.)

The U.S. music press that have pummeled the general public over the head with yet another rendition of the "British Invasion" are now showing the other side of their two faces. They have wearied of the Brits and are now calling for people to "rally 'round the flag" and kick those synth-playing poufs back where they came from.

Now they have unwittingly stumbled upon a new manifestation called "American Music" (catchy title — n'est-ce pas?). A great deal of the writing about this new music, which is merely a return to basic simple songs with roots in pop, rockability and country, leaves you with the impression that it is being created solely as a backlash against the British.

The truth is, bands like Jason and the Scorchers and albums such as *Fervor* exist and are crafted out of a love to play music and pride in the roots it came from. *Fervor* is raw, honest and full of the virtues country music originally had before it started to cater to the masses with one vacuous song after another about one's dog/woman/man/truck either dying or leaving.

Nashville, the mecca of country music and home to The Scorchers, hasn't produced anything of this calibre in a long time. The Scorchers show that they are in touch with America's sensibilities throughout *Fervor*'s seven songs. The lyrics of the anthem-like "Hot Nights in Georgia" keep it a cut above the run of the mill glut of "ode to the south" songs — *Aging Kings* shout out in all their glories! Dripping from their dessicated souls! Gears of grinding pain, they tell the story. R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe also adds some nice harmony vocals on the track.

"Pray for me Mama (I'm a Gypsy Now)" is a nice treatment of the time-worn C & W ballad — So the trigger pulled and the red lights flashed their sign / The battle was yours but the victory was mine. Dylan's "Absolutely Sweet Marie" fits in well with the band's own material, and they give the song a needed kick that was missing from the original. The remaining tracks are hard-edged and very up-tempo, with "I Can't Help Myself" bordering on hysteria.

ON RECORD ...

FRED



Dave Jones

Cheap at Half the Price

(Ralph U.S.)

Fred Frith has never made things easy for his audience. New phases in his musical development come frequently and suddenly, each phase being radically different from the last. Sometimes Fred will be pursuing many different directions, with different people, at one time. Frith's fans are encouraged to be very catholic in their tastes if they want to keep up. As usual, his latest album shows that the extremely talented guitarist has yet more surprises up his sleeve.

Cheap at Half the Price couldn't be counted among Fred's best work. There is not the adventurous spirit of Henry Cow, the visceral but fascinating atmospherics of the Art Bears, or the urgency and energy of Massacre. This time out we are given a taste of his humorous side previously only hinted at on his past solo albums. Set over backing tracks that range from country to a sort of folksy electropop (the miniature, low-priced synthesizer called the Casiotone M-101 figures heavily on this album), Fred's new songs exhibit a considerably lighter feel than do most of his older pieces.

Fans of Fred Frith's older material may have some trouble getting used to this record — some of the tracks

even resemble (ugh) POP music! However, songs like "Some Clouds Don't" and "The Welcome", with their instant appeal, could win him some new fans. Those longtime Frith enthusiasts should give the album a second chance; it does grow more appealing with repeated listenings.

This LP represents a first for Fred in that he takes up singing. Vocally, Fred is still in his adolescence. I mean his voice cracks. But if that short-fall can be ignored, the album is a pleasure just to hear Fred play. His guitar solos are spaced throughout the record like delectable tidbits. Fred is also extremely adept at bass, drums and violin, as well as being able to squeeze more interesting sounds out of his small Casiotone than most of today's Human Duran Clubs can get out of ten thousand dollar computer systems.

Fred Frith has a fanatical cult following — as was evidenced by his enthusiastic reception March 29 at the Soft Rock Cafe along with Tom Cora, the other half of the Skeleton Crew — and they should not be deterred by his latest album's weaknesses. Sure, it's flawed, but *Cheap at Half the Price* has qualities which cannot be found anywhere else on record today, except on Fred's other albums. Once again, despite the record's shortcomings, Fred succeeds in becoming that rare artist who truly stands out from the crowd.

—Dale Sawyer

CHRIS & COSEY

Songs of Love & Lust

(Rough Trade UK)

Throbbing Gristle, until they disbanded early in 1981, always received a certain amount of attention and appreciation as perhaps the quintessential "underground-industrial-art-rock" group. There were always intimations of demons present at their concerts, and while only a few of their albums were studio released, they left behind them a reputation as a very nasty but creative force.

The album was released independently last year but has since been remixed and released by E.M.I. The remix is up to today's hi-tech standards and allows you to hear clearly Warner Hodges' surprisingly sophisticated and stinging guitar licks. Add a thundering bass, wallowing drums, Jason's acoustic guitar and country twang, and you have an extremely tight record.

Jason and the Scorchers are currently a hit with the critics; perhaps by next week they'll be forgotten and discarded and keep quietly putting out "American Music".

—Jim Main

BREEZE



RECORD RENTALS

Now
Renting
Rock
Videos

Open Noon 11 7 PM Sun.—Thurs.
Noon 11 9 PM Fri.
10 AM 11 7 PM Sat.

1789 Denman St.

689-5027

KEEP ALERT!
SAFE

Luv-A-Fair

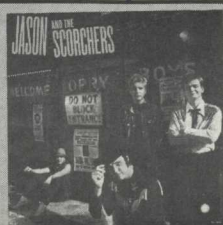
SAFE AS COFFEE

THE SAFE WAY to stay alert without harmful stimulants

LUV-A-FAIR keeps you stimulated with great tunes and exciting visuals six nights a week yet is not habit forming. LAF is faster, handier, more reliable and is definitely not as expensive.

Next time monotony makes you feel like throwing your arms in the air with despair, or work has got you down, do as millions do...perk up with a safe, effective dose of LUV-A-FAIR.

1275 Seymour Street. Tel: 685-3288.



...AND IN CONCERT



FRITH

Fred Frith? Where did that name come from? Any of you that pay attention to album covers will recall it in the same breath as Henry Cow, The Art Bears, Brian Eno, The Residents, Material and associates, Henry Kaiser and V-Effekt, and the New York experimental-improv scene. Fred has also done a lot on his own, including three LPs for Ralph Records and a series of experimental guitar excursions that were released as the "guitar solos" LPs.

Skeleton Crew has been the object of Frith's concentration for two years now. He, along with guitarist turned cellist Tom Cora, can easily be called a two-man five-piece band. To say they overextend themselves is an understatement. Fred, in his usual anarchistic fashion, is responsible for playing half a drum kit, guitars, homemade bass (on table with chain as pick), Walkman (with a random selection of tapes), Casio, vocals (fed through God-knows-what and then through his trusty HH mixer), and a cheap Chinese violin. Tom, the lucky fellow, only has to deal with the other half of the drum kit, 'cello (complete with rubber bands, a wheeled toy, and a black thing that looks like an electric prodding device used to torture innocent Chilean labour leaders and academicians), and bass.

Sounds like a wild night of haphazard improv, right? Well, an Italian reviewer said that a Skeleton Crew performance was like watching a

slowly sinking ship somehow make it into port for a hero's welcome. Their Soft Rock gig saw them in fine form without a leak in sight. Obviously well rehearsed, the duo managed to combine their mutual interests in East European and Latin American folk music with some very clever and often amusing improvised passages. Apart from the occasional foray into uncharted territory, many of the songs were tightly structured and are slated to appear on the first Skeleton Crew album due out soon on Recommended UK and Rift America.

Sometimes things went wrong, as is wont to happen with such elaborate lo-tech setups, but Fred and Tom, obviously used to adversity, made light of each obstacle with some very interesting results. A broken string in the first minute of the show led, via one of their prepared tapes, to some suggestive exercise instruction and a lecture on how rock music is base, sexually derived and leads to anti-humanist trains of thought. The encores were fairly straight renditions of a song from Kashmir and a wedding song from Ecuador. The full house was left standing and wanting more, though they were not to know that Fred, exhausted from the day's hassles at the border and then soundcheck problems, had gone immediately to the dressing room to settle down to a short coma. The Soft Rock has never seen such a show.

—Mark Mushet

Chris Carter and Cosey Fanni Tutti showed what they contributed to their origins with their first release, *Heartbeat*. The raw electronics, rhythms, sound bending and spacey vocals were still there. What was missing was the ANGST -- the disturbing, relentless negativism. Their second release, *Trans*, showed progression. There was a reflective darkness to this release which made it abstract but still attractive. The release of their "October (Love Song)" single last year brought mixed opinion.

The same mixed reaction will greet their newest album, *Songs of Love and Lust*. At its

best, it is well-produced. The sound is clean, crisp and occasionally even and powerful. Those who appreciated the individuality of *Heartbeat* will enjoy the beginnings of tracks such as "Love Cuts" and "Tantalize". "Gardens of the Pure" and "Lament" are appealing if only because they are brief, and therefore the endless repetition sometimes inherent in danceable electronics does not have time to become tedious. For the dance freaks, almost any cut on the disc will work well.

As is so often the case with electro-funk, some strong points will also be weak points for the hardcore industrialists.

—Larry Thessen

STYLE COUNCIL

Cafe Bleu
(Polygram)

Well, here it is. At long last The Style Council have released a full length album of new material. Entitled *Cafe Bleu*, the album has also been released in North America as *My Ever Changing Moods*, with a few different songs and a punchier version of the title track. More interested in what the album was originally conceived as, we asked The Espresso Kid, confidante and chronicler of Style Council events to relay some of the history of the album to us.

The sun glinted off the pond and bathed our two chummy scoundrels in an effervescent glow. Mick hugged his sides and Paul paced the tarmac. The feeling was there, and they sensed it, but the time wasn't right for words.

Heeding an urge to explore it further, the two adventurers retired to the warm surroundings of a small cafe with fogged windows for further discussion. Steaming cappuccinos placed in front of them, Paul seized the thought, and it blurted out, cascading off the Formica table tops and echoing through the room.

"Rock'n'roll is dribble," he stated bluntly, and Mick nodded agreement. "People who listen to rock 'n' roll are dribble," he continued, getting into the swing of things while Mick smiled. "They have no style, and style is everything."

Their goal defined, their cloud of despair lifted, the mates knew what had to be done. After a series of singles, it was time for an album. Beneath an apple tree in full blossom, they laid their plans. They would base the songs on their lifestyle, their image, and be damned with everybody else. If the general masses don't like it, it's because they have no style. And Paul and Mick are "Rock The Style Council. And they would set the tone for what was acceptable, never mind the English



vagabonds or Yankee yokels.

Studio time was booked, the lads set to work, and after some months the result was *Cafe Bleu*. The pair was ecstatic. Here was an album that captured their true essence. Pale, pallid, a damp fog hugging ground level, background noise for old 1940s black and white movies, a scratchy old Motown record playing in your sister's room next door. All of this and less, this is what The Style Council stand for.

"People who live basement lives are forever stuck at the bottom of a damp staircase," Paul tried to rationalize to Mick. Mick just nodded, content in the fact that his tinkling of the ivories lent some small justification for the production of the album.

When questioned by those who worry about such things as why listening to the first

side of the album was like watching Dad fall asleep in front of the telly, the Condescending One simply smiled and breathed the words, "Style: you wouldn't understand."

Day-to-day life isn't concerned with style, and rock 'n' roll all too often mirrors this near fatalistic, misguided assumption. But the lads have found an antidote, and if it doesn't relate to your sphere of life, well, in the words of Maestro Paul, "Tough Shit." He doesn't worry about speaking for anyone, never has, never will. Why worry about powerful music when wimpy music does just as well. He has an idea, a memory, a feeling, an image. Catch it and share it with him. But you'll probably throw up.

—The Espresso Kid

BE RUNS

Open

RECYCLED APPAREL 7 Days

for males and females

221 Carrall Gastown 683-0080

We buy & sell used & collectable records



Rock Videos available

SOUTH VANCOUVER:
5766 Fraser Street,
Vancouver, B.C. V6N 2Z5
(604) 324-1229

KITSLANO:
1520 Yew Street,
Vancouver, B.C. V6K 3E4
(604) 731-1013

Rob Frith (OWNER)

RAVE RECORDS

New Used Imports

Rare Albums Special Orders

741 Lonsdale Avenue, 985-8015
North Vancouver

Open Noon til 6
Tuesday through Saturday

BLACK SWAN RECORDS



Jazz, Rock, Import Rock, Folk, Blues and Used

2936 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6K 1R2, Phone 734-2828



FRED FRITH
CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

**Perryscope
Concert Line Up**

CFOX Presents

European Stage Show
First Time in Vancouver

SCORPIONS
with guests Bon Jovi
MAY 2nd
Pacific Coliseum • 7:30 pm

JOHN KAY & STEPPENWOLF
with Wain Walker & The Housekeepers
APRIL 27th & 28th • 8 PM
Commodore Ballroom

CKLG 73 Presents
REAL LIFE
with guests Cast of 1000's
MAY 7th • 8 pm
Commodore Ballroom

CFOX Presents
RUSH
With Guests
MAY 19 7:30 pm
Pacific Coliseum

WELCOME HOME D.O.A.
with Guests: Family Plot,
House of Commons,
Soldiers of Sport
MAY 4th • 8pm
NEW YORK THEATRE
639 Commercial Drive

CFMI Presents
An Evening With
JOE JACKSON
MAY 14th • 8 pm
Queen Elizabeth Theatre

ON SALE SATURDAY
LG 73/C-FOX Presents
THOMAS DOBLY
THE FLAT EARTH TOUR
with very special guests
MODERN ENGLISH
May 27 8:00 pm
Orpheum Theatre

CFOX Presents

ON SALE SATURDAY

with guest Great White
May 29 7:30 pm
P.N.E. Coliseum Concert Bowl

ON SALE SATURDAY

THE CLASH
May 31 7:30 pm
P.N.E. Coliseum
Concert Bowl

CFMI Presents
An Evening With
LAURIE ANDERSON
JUNE 1st • 8 pm
Queen Elizabeth Theatre

TIX: VTC/CBO, Eatons, Woodward's

IF YOU ARE X-ASPERATED
WITH THE BORING,
THE PREDICTABLE,
THE ORDINARY,
THEN IT'S TIME TO
TRY SOMETHING
X-TRAORDINARY.
SET AN X-AMPLE

X-SETTERA.

... OR MAYBE NOT

SELECT USED CLOTHES
3574 w 4th.



PRESENTLY
SHOWING:
SURREALISM
MARTY
GEORGE.



Jim Main
Eartha Kitt lends credence to the phrase, "Like fine wine she gets better with age", during two fine performances at the Commodore.

High Profiles for May '84

Heard nightly at 8 PM on CITS

TUES	1	The Chords
WED	2	Tones on Tail
THURS	3	Human Hands
FRI	4	Skids/Richard Jobson
SAT	5	Slits
MON	7	King Crimson Part 1
TUES	8	TV 21
WED	9	Jerry Lee Lewis
THURS	10	U2 - Bono Vox Birthday Special
FRI	11	Madness
SAT	12	Independent Singles 1980
MON	14	King Crimson Part 2
TUES	15	Jam Rarities
WED	16	R.E.M.
THURS	17	Subhumans
FRI	18	Can Con
SAT	19	Pistols Potpourri
MON	21	On The Soul Side Part 1
TUES	22	The Times
WED	23	Psychedelic Furs
THURS	24	Pylon
FRI	25	Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel
SAT	26	"Wild Style"
MON	28	On The Soul Side Part 2
TUES	29	3.5 Hour Special (6:30 p.m. start): Pre-draft ELVIS
WED	30	Melodic Energy Commission
THURS	31	Egghead, et al

Rabble

Pauses

Sunday, April 15th, was the end of an era at CITS. At 6:00 p.m. the words: "If the Good Lord's willing and the creeks don't rise, this is Hank Williams saying so long," were heard for the last time as *Rabble Without a Pause* ended its final show. For five years *Rabblers* Steve Hendry and Murray Cahen presented what I feel was the most unique show ever heard on Canadian radio, complete with guests and special weekly features. Steve graduates from UBC this year, and Murray has gone off to San Francisco State University; we'd like to thank them for their unrelenting persistence and sense of humor.

The *Rabble* time slot, 3:00-6:00 on Sundays, will be filled in the coming weeks by various DJs, all battling for the honour of being *Rabble's* successors. The final decision will be made by CITS Executive members, but we welcome your input; please listen and call in on Sundays to vote for your favorite new *Rabble*.

--Ed.



The Plague

THE WEST COAST'S FASTEST-GROWING MAGAZINE* IS BACK AND BETTER THAN EVER WITH:

POLITICAL INTRIGUE FOR THE ACTIVISTS!
FREAKY CARTOONS FOR THE SICKOS!
ALBUM & CONCERT REVIEWS FOR MUSIC MANIACS!
ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT ARTICLES FOR THE REBELS!
HUMOUR FOR THE JOKERS!
AND SCHOOL ARTICLES FOR THE LOSERS.

WHAT COULD BE MORE ENJOYABLE THAN THE PLAGUE (EXCEPT MAYBE ROOT CANAL WORK)?

COMING SOON! CALL (604) 224-7373

*ACCORDING TO STATSPLAGUE '84

1562 WESTERN CRESCENT
VANCOUVER, B.C.
V6T-1V1

OUCH! BART!



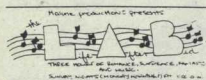
LAURIE ANDERSON



MUSIC OF OUR TIME



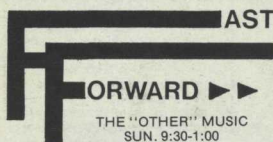
Contemporary Classical Music
Featuring works by Local and
International Artists
7:30-12:00 p.m.



much less expensive
than dangerous drugs



(not recommended for
"daytime people")



CITR Program Guide

	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
7							
8							
9	MUSIC OF OUR TIME						
10							
11	NEWS- SUNDAY BRUNCH						
12							
1	THE ROCKERS SHOW						
2							
3							
4							
5							
6	SUNDAY MAGAZINE						
7							
8	SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE						
9							
10	FAST	THE JAZZ					
11							
12	FORWARD	SHOW					
1							
2	LIFE AFTER BED	LATE NITE	AFTER NIGHT	NAME THIS SHOW	PLACEBO RADIO	AFTER HOURS	RANDOM INSOMNIA
3							

50 Most Played Bands on CITR

1. Iggy Pop (and the Stooges)
2. Laurie Anderson
3. Violent Femmes
4. Echo and the Bunnymen
5. The Smiths
6. The Cramps
7. Trevor Jones
8. Siouxsie and the Banshees
9. The Three O'Clock
10. The Clash
11. The Cure
12. David Bowie
13. DOA
14. Simple Minds
15. John Cale
16. Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers
17. Fad Gadget
18. The Jam
19. Orange Juice
20. Brian Eno (and friends)
21. Kate Bush
22. Prefab Sprout
23. Magazine
24. The Stranglers
25. XTC
26. Linton Kwesi Johnson
27. ESG
28. Roxy Music
29. X
30. Dead Kennedys
31. The Style Council
32. Lou Reed
33. Fastbacks
34. Bauhaus
35. Grandmaster and Melle Mel
36. Eartha Kitt
37. The Buzzcocks
38. The Beverly Sisters
39. Chris & Cozey
40. Elvis Costello and the Attractions
41. Special AKA
42. Yellowman
43. Cocteau Twins
44. Jason and the Scorchers
45. Stiff Little Fingers
46. Talking Heads
47. Psychic Healers
48. Peter Gabriel
49. Fabulon
50. Public Image Limited

After playing second organ —er, fiddle—to DOA, PIL, or the Smiths for the past 5 months, the Ig has squirmed his way into top spot on this month's chart. One of my detractors, Mr. Rum, should find it somehow convincing that the number one artist's name is "POP".

Notes —Laurie Anderson can't do much better than no. 2, but her performance on June 1 could improve her status anyway...A new single, "Crystal" shouldn't hurt the Bunnymen...Amazingly, Trevor Jones continues to stick in the top 10, on the strength of only 4 demo tape tracks (they're all strong, though); perhaps it's a plot...

Remember, this list represents the 50 most-played artists during the last month and has no real bearing on what each DJ decides to play.

—Jason

FINAL VINYL

MONDAY - Jazz Albums

May 07 John Lindberg Quintet - Dimension 5 (Black Saint)
14 Sonny Rollins - Saxophone Colossus and More (Prestige)
21 Anthony Davis - Hemispheres (Gramavision)
28 Ornette Coleman - Broken Shadows (CBS Masters Series)

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY - New CITR Playlist Albums

THURSDAY - "Mel Brewer Presents": interviews and music of local artists

FRIDAY - This month features soul and reggae albums

SATURDAY - CITR's #1 Playlist Album

SUNDAY - "Fast Forward" Album: depends on what Mark Mushet gets in the mail — always impeccably alternative

EVERY NIGHT AT 11 PM

REZA

Mondays: 11:00-14:30
Requests: 228-CITR

The Jazz Show

Every Monday

9:30 - 1:00

on CITR



Public Affairs

MONDAY: ET CETERA - current social issues covered with an unusual twist.

TUESDAY: DIMENSIONS - topics of political interest from the local to the international scene.

WEDNESDAY: ARTISTS ONLY - interviews and profiles with people in the art world, from painters to playwrights and beyond.

THURSDAY: HEAVY ISSUES, HEAVY PEOPLE - whatever's hot and controversial, it's tackled with ferocity.

FRIDAY: SPORTS UNLIMITED - muscular and flexible coverage of the sports scene. Please remember that CITR's Public Affairs is for YOU, the public. If you or your group has an interest in any issue of significance, we can get your ideas on our airwaves.

THE TRACKING ROOM

Best 8 track prices in town

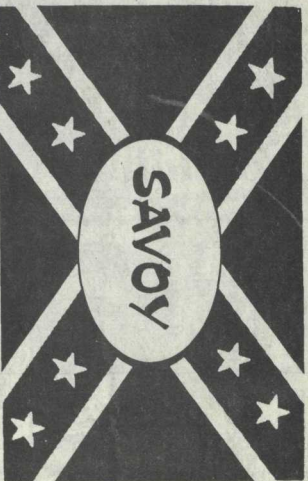
\$7.50 per hour

The Tracking Room

734-4997

3607 W. Broadway V6R 2B8

REVOLUTIONARY MUSIC!



GRAND RE-OPENING MAY 24

MAY 24 - 26

ENIGMAS with JR. GONE WILD

28 - 30

CALIFORNIAS' LONGRYDERS

THE SAVOY NIGHTCLUB

6 Powell St., Gastown, Vancouver, 687-0418

COMING SOON

new
newWave
fashions

... Just slightly unique !

5 1 5 5 7 7 B C 7

315 WEST CORDOVA STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

(604) 683-0787